

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Mile Klopčič:

SINČEK TINČEK GOSPODAR

KDO je v hiši gospodar?
Sinček Tinček gospoduje!
Kar prostora je do vrat,
vsepovsod le on kraljuje.

Zbere lonce, skup jih zveže
ter po sobi s tem ropoče.
On razlaga: To je vlak!
drugega pač ni mogoče.

Tinček vozi, puha dim,
da iz ust mu sili slina,
a nikjer ne vidiš dima.
Tinček, čedna si mašina.

In tako ves dan ropoče
od zidu in prav do praga.
Če lepo ga boš poprosil,
te popelje do Chicaga.

Tam pri zidu je Milwaukee,
a na pragu je Chicago.
Brž na vlak!—in kot bi trenil,
boš na cilju . . . saj ni drago.



Katka Zupančič:

KDO JE KRIV?

KDO je kriv,
da očko tarejo skrbi,
da mama često se solzi,
da Milica bleđi,
da Janku več do smeha ni?

Kdo je kriv,
da vsa družinica trpi?
Saj ima očka zdelane dlani;
in mama se trudila je vse dni;
in sestra, brat, noben razmetal ni.

Kdo je kriv,
da beda nam preti,
življenju našemu grozi?
In mimo nas, koliko še ljudi,
ki jih pomanjkanje duši?!

Kdo je kriv,
da se bogastvo nekaterih le drži
medtem, ko tisočem se glad reži?
Ah, slabe še so mi roke, pesti;
premlad moj duh je, mlade še kosti.

A ko dorastem, ko moj duh se ukrepi,
tedaj preiskal bom kali
in našel to, kar vara nas, slepi,
da ZLO šele h vprašanju nas zbudi:
Kdo je kriv!?



Katka Zupančič:

UŽALJENO SOLNCE

KAKO, da svetlo solnce se je skrilo?
Kako, da se nakrat je vse stemnilo?

“Kako to je, povem vam jaz natanko,”
se ponudi mali, modri Janko.

“Vi naše Metke ne poznate—,
oštela vam je solnce, žarke zlate:
‘Hej, ti!’ je rekla solncu, ‘idi za oblake
in skrij v oblake svoje žgoče trake!
Pozimi, kajpak, vse preveč skopariš,
da nas tem bolj poleti pališ.’

In zdaj je solnce žalostno hudo;
na zemljo, glejte, solze padati začno. —

Maksa Samsa:

Prazni strahovi

ČUDNO je, kako včasih človeka ostraši kaka šala ali malenkost! Povedati vam hočem nekaj takih, ki sem jih sam doživel.

Takrat mi je bilo dvajset let. Neke noči sem moral iti v Ilirsko Bistrico.* Ura pozna, noč poljasna in od juga je vel veter, da je listje na drevesih komaj lahko podrhtavalo. Pol urice nisem na cesti srečal nikogar. Ko sem došel do "Vrtov," sem začul od Vobovega ropotanje voza. Kmalu sem razložil, da sedita na njem dva kočana: moški in ženska, a bila sta še predaleč, da bi ju bil mogel spoznati. Pa mi je padla v glavo misel: "Ostraši ju!" Skočil sem za ograjo, kjer so ležala debela mladih, posekanih jelš. Zagrabil sem eno izmed njih, jo dvignil kvišku in stopil tak na cesto, se postavil kraj jarka in čakal . . . Voz se je hipoma ustavil in ženska je začela vpiti: "Franc, ne dalje, Franc, glej tam moža, visokega kakor jagnjed! Franc, jaz ne grem naprej . . ." Moški ji je odgovarjal: "Vdajva se v božjo voljo, Frana, druge pomoči ni! Tudi mene je groza . . ." Takrat sem ju spoznal. Bila sta Vrtelova iz Kuteževega. Ženska je začela jokati, a Franc je udaril po konjih, ko sta privozila mimo mene, ki sem stal z jelšo ob strani ceste, sta tako zavpila, da mi je bilo takoj žal, da sem ju tako ostrašil. Pa sem jima zaklical, kar se je dalo: "Ne bojta se! Jaz sem: Miha Krmčev iz Vrbičice. Česa se bojita?" Izpustil sem jelšo na tla—pa ni vse skupaj nič pomagalo.

Ženska je jokala in vpila, a on je udrihal po konjih, da so šli kakor bi gorelo za njima.

Trnovo in Ilirska Bistrica sta središče velike Reške doline na Notranjskem, ki ga je okupirala Italija po svetovni vojni. Navedeni "strahovi" so se "dogodili" južnovzhodno od Bistrice.

Ko sem jima dan pozneje pravil in zagotavljal, da nista videla strahu, temveč le mene, sta bila skoraj užaljena: "Kar molčite, kar molčite," je dejala ona, "saj nisva bila slepa: Črn mož, visok kot jagnjed. Gotovo, prav, gotovo—sam vrag . . ."

—

Prav podobna se mi je pripetila nekoč ponoči na cesti med Vrbovem in Jasenom. Bila je enajsta—temno in viharo. Pred seboj je bilo videti le toliko, kar je razsvetlil blisk za bliskom. Padalo je od zapada, zato sem držal dežnik naprej. Prišel sem do jasenskega ovinka. Kakor rečeno—bilo je temno, temno . . . Tedajci je udarilo ob moj dežnik nekaj trdega in hkrati zajavkalo s takim glasom kakor bi kdo dal koga na meh. Jaz sam sprva nisem vedel, kaj bi to pomenilo, pa mi je bilo kmalu vse jasno. V istem trenutku je dolg blisk razsvetlil temo in videl sem nekega moškega, ki je z dežnikom v roki bežal čez njive in vpil: "Pomagajte mi, pomagajte!" Revež je namreč s svojim dežnikom zadel ob moj dežnik, pa je mislil, da je strah in je zato zbežal na njive.—Pa sem zavpil za njim: "Kaj se bojiš—kdor si, saj sem tudi jaz človek ko ti! Le vrni se, le vrni se!" Moje vpitje je odmevalo v temno noč— a onega nisem privabil. Kdo ve, po kakih skrivnih potih in ovinkih se je bil tiste noči privlekel domov.

No, strah je res prazen!

—

Poslušajte še to, kar se mi je pripetilo v Bosni, ko sem bil za šumskega pisarja:

Bila je temna, temna noč. Dva Hrvata in jaz smo zajahali konje, da bi pojezdili čez šumo v štiri ure oddaljeno mesto. Vsi trije smo molčali. V lesu

so vpile sove—bilo je čuti lomastenje bogve kakšne zverine in pokanje vej. Kar je zašepetal eden izmed mojih tovarišev: "Poglejta, pogledjta. Na begovem grobu gorijo tri luči. Jaz ne grem dalje."—"Jaz tudi ne!" se je tresel drugi.

"Hočeta, da se prepričam sam?" sem vprašal. Onadva sta ostala na mestu, jaz sem pa razjahal, skočil do groba in

zagrabil z roko eno izmed treh luči. V roki sem držal—kos lesa, kakor sem videl, ko sem posvetil z užigalico. Bil je trhlad—trhel les, ki se je v temi svetil. Zaklical sem tovarišema, naj prideta bliže in vsi trije smo še za trenutek postali na begovem grobu—potem smo znova zajezdili konje, a Hrvata sta dejala: "Kranjče, nisva mislila, da si tako pogumen! . . ."



Anna P. Krasna:

SOLNČNI ŽAREK

NA bledem obrazku topel, božajoč,
solnčni žarek drhti.

S šibko roko zajema dete v zlati pramen--
ob revni posteljci mati ihti . . .

Glej, mamica, glej, solnčni žarek
kako je daleč doma
tam v zlati obli,
pa je prišel, da se z mano poigra.

Pridi bližje k žarku, ne joči,
nasmehni se veselo, mamica,
saj, glej, zlati žarek je prišel,
da ti iz njega zajamem zlata.

Tiho, dalje plaka mati. Dete strmi
v zlati žarek; v materine solze—
posvetil je vanje prelestni pramen,
in zdaj se kot dragulji bleste . . .



V VARNEM ZAVETJU

Mile Klopčič:

OTROCI

GLEDAM delavsko mater in vem:

Njen prvi otrok, sedemnajstletni sin,
hodi zdaj v rudnik že leto dni.
Tam je očeta pred letom ubilo,
tam tudi sin bo nekoč bruhal kri.

Njen drugi otrok, petnajstletna hči,
hodi v tovarno in dela do mraka.
Zunaj zelenje in solnce jo čaka,
njej pa ob delu gasnejo mlade oči.

Njen tretji otrok, devetletni sin,
šel je na cesto, na voglu stoji.
Rad bi nabral vsaj nekaj Din,
pa vbogajme prosi ljudi.

Četrtega maži v naročju drži.
Ta še sveta ne pozna.
Z ročico po zraku sonce lovi,
z vodenimi očmi se smehlja.

Schönlank-Klopčič:

PSIČEK JAKE

RAZNE vrste psov poznamo,
pinče in volčjake.
A nihče ni zvest tako,
kakor je naš Jake.

Nihče se tako ne igra,
kakor Jake z mano.
Hitro tačico mi daj,
z mano brž na plano.

Toda lajati ne smeš,
kadar se igraš.
Le če oče me pretepe,
takrat lajaj, kakor znaš!

Ivan Jontez:

“Moj oče”

ČE bi bil otrok, šolarček, kakor sem bil predavnimi leti, in bi mi učitelj dal za domačo nalogo opis: “Moj oče,” bi jo poskusil napisati takole:

“Vsak človek ima očeta in mater, ki sta mu dala življenje. Kajti brez očeta ne more biti matere in brez obeh ne otroka. Sicer nam pripovedujejo, da otroke prinese štorclja naravnost iz nebes, ampak jaz tega ne verjamem. Že zato ne, ker ne verjamem, da bi me moj oče imel tako rad, če bi me bila prinesla dolgonoga štorclja od kdo ve kod. In mati bi tudi ne bila tako v skrbeh zame, če bi me bila prinesla nerodna ptica iz umazanega potoka, ki teče skozi našo naselbino. Ker je pa moj oče res moj oče in mati res moja mati, me imata oba zelo rada in sta zmerom v skrbeh, da bi se mi ne zgodilo kaj hudega.

Sicer pa mi je sosedova Anica, ki je starejša od mene in torej tudi več ve, zaupala, da je tisto o štorclji izmišljotina, ki naj nam otrokom prikrije resnico o rojstvu človeka. Čudno, čemu nam odrasli ljudje prikrivajo take stvari?! Česa se boje? Ali mislijo, da bi potem ne imeli staršev več tako radi? Če tako mislijo, potem se motijo, ker jaz, odkar vem, da bi brez mojih staršev tudi mene ne bilo, jih imam še bolj rad kot popreje. Saj zdaj vem, da sem meso njunega mesa in kri njune krvi. Pa bi ju ne imel še bolj rad!

Moj oče je velik, močan mož; meni se zdi kot orjak iz pravljic, orjak, ki lahko prevrača gore. Obraz ima širok in poraščen, koža je trda in mnogo brazd je zarezanih vanjo, vendar pa se mi zdi, da ni prijaznejšega in lepšega obraza na svetu kot je obraz mojega očeta, kadar ga razjasni prijazen nasmehljaj. Njegove roke so mišičaste in nabrekle, dlani kot dve lopati in trde kot kamen. S temi rokami drži rovnico in podkopava sklade premoga globoko pod

zemljo; za to težko in nevarno delo dobi vsako soboto papirnato zalepko z denarjem, ki jo potem izroči materi. S tem denarjem nam mati kupi hrano, obleko in sploh vse, kar potrebujemo in kar si lahko privoščimo. Marsikateri stvari pa si ne moremo privoščiti in moramo potrpeti brez nje. Tudi očetu da nekaj denarja—za požirek žganja in za tobak.

Oče pride domov zmerom zelo truden, a tega ne pokaže. Smehlja se in ko po večerja, se spravi v klet, ki je njegova delavnica, in začne žagati, oblati in stružiti; on je namreč tudi mizar in napravi sam vse naše pohištvo. Včasih zaigra na citre—in kako lepo zna igrati!—včasih pa nam pripoveduje, kako je živel v mladih letih, ko še ni bilo nas otrok na svetu.

Njegova rojstna hiša stoji na prijaznem griču sredi vinskih goric. Lepo je tam, pravi, vse lepše, kakor tukaj v ti umazani rudarski naselbini. Zrak je čist, nebo višnjevo—pri nas je zmerom umazano od dima—in solnce vse prijaznejše sije kot tukaj. In kako je lepo ob času trgatve, ko topli, sveži zrak trepeta od petja veselih trgačev, katerih ramena težijo težke brente, polne lepega, mastnega grozdja. Res lepo mora biti v tistem kraju in škoda, ker mi ne smemo iti tja in tam živeti.

Enkrat sem vprašal očeta, zakaj ni rajši ostal v domačem kraju, če je tam tako lepo in prijetno, pa mi je tiho pojasnil, da ni bilo prostora za vse, zanj in za njegove brate, zato je moral iti po svetu. Kruh mora biti, pravi, in če ga ni doma, ga je treba iti iskat v svet. Zdaj smo vsi skupaj v tujini, daleč od tistega lepega kraja, kjer stoji očetov rojstni dom. Oče pravi, da je to naša časna domovina, kar mi spočetka ni šlo v glavo. Kaj je domovina vsakemu

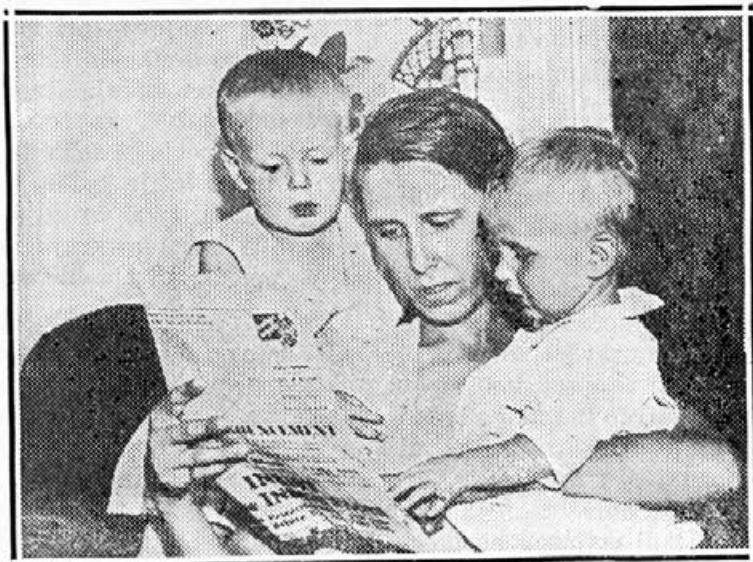
samo začasna in kaj imamo ljudje po več domovin? sem poizvedoval. In oče mi je pojasnil, da delavec prav za prav nima stalne domovine, da jo mora mnogokrat iskati iznova, ker njegova domovina je tam, kejr si lahko zasluži svoj vsakdanji kruh; in če tega v enem kraju zmanjka, mora dalje, iskat novo domovino. Potemtakem je ves svet naša domovina. Mislim, da zdaj ga že razumem.

Svoje otroke ima zelo rad. Saj, če bi nas ne ljubil, bi gotovo ne tvegala vsak dan življenja v temnih rovih globoko pod zemeljsko površino. In če pride domov še bolj utrujen, zmerom se razveseli, ko nas ugleda in vedno ima dobro besedo za nas. Včasih je tako zbit od dela—večkrat sem ga že videl skozi okno, ko se je bližal domu in njegove noge so bile videti strašno težke, bolelost utrujenja mu je vlekla narazen obraz in glava mu je trudno klonila na prsi; kakor hitro pa je odprl hišne duri, že je trepetal na njegovih ustnah prijazen smehlaj in v dobrih, sivih očeh sta mu

zažareli nežnost in ljubezen, s katerima nas je oblič kot s prelepim blagoslovom.

Včasih sem se čudil tej spremembi, a se ne več; saj zdaj vem, čemu si tolikokrat nadene na obraz to smehljačičo se krinko; zato, da bi mi otroci ne vedeli, kako težko trpljenje mu povzroča borba za naš vsakdanji kruh. In ker nas ljubi, se boji, da bi nam prezgodaj ne postala očita tegoba življenja. Ampak meni vseeno že postaja očitno vse, kar skuša prikriti z ljubeznjivimi smehljaji. Vem, da je moj oče ubog delavec, ki mora trdo delati in prenesti mnogo krivic, da ohrani pri življenju sebe in drage svoje; vem, da je on tisti, ki nam je dal življenje in ki nas hrani in oblači, in vem tudi, da je on tisti silni orjak, ki prestavlja cele gore, da ohrani človeštvo pri življenju—in zato tudi ga ljubim in spoštujem kakor more le otrok, ki vse vidi in razume, ljubiti in spoštovati: On to ljubezen in spoštovanje več kot zasluži."

Tako bi jaz poskusil opisati svojega očeta v šolski nalogi.



Zapuščena žena brezposelnega kanadskega delavca. Ostavil jo je v Newarku, N. J., kjer so jo našli izstradano z dvema otrokoma vred v javnem parku. Poslali so jo nazaj v Kanado.

Beda

Ruska narodna pripovedka
Priredil Mile Klopčič

V NEKI vasici sta živela dva kmeta, dva rodna brata; eden je bil siromašen, drugi bogat. Bogati se je preselil v mesto, sezidal lepo hišo in postal trgovec. Siromašni brat pa včasih ni imel niti grizljaja kruha, in otroci—ta manjši od drugega—so jokali in zahtevali jesti. Od zore do mraka se je ubijal kmet, pa vse zaman. Pa je rekel lepega dne:

“V mesto pojdem in poprosim brata, naj mi pomaga.”

Prišel je k bratu: “Ah, dragi moj bratec, če moreš, pomagaj mi v stiski; žena in otroci so mi brez kruha, vse dni stradajo.”

Pa je rekel brat: “Delaj ta teden pri meni, pa ti bom pomagal.”

Kaj bi? Siromak je šel delat: počistil je bratu dvorišče, skrbel za konje, vozil vodo in sekal drva. Čez teden dni mu je dal bogati brat hlebec kruha: “Tu imaš za svoj trud.”

“Hvala ti,” je dejal brat, se priklonil in hotel oditi.

“Počakaj,” je zaklical bogati, “pridi jutri k meni v goste in še ženo pripelji s seboj; jutri je vendar moj god.”

“Ah, bratec, kako naj pridem! Saj vendar sam veš: k tebi zahajajo trgovci v lepih oblekah, jaz pa sem v zamazani halji in cokljah.”

“Nič za to; kar pridi, tudi zate se bo našel prostor.”

“Dobro, pridem.”

In doma je povedal ženi: “Slišiš, žena, za jutri me je povabil s teboj vred na pojedino.”

“Kdo naju je povabil?”

“Moj brat; god ima.”

“Nu dobro, pa pojdeva.”

Zjutraj sta šla na pot, dospela v mesto in k bogatinu-bratu, mu čestitala in sedla na klop. Za mizo so sedeli odlični gostje, sam bogati brat jih je gostil na

vso moč, na brata in njegovo ženo pa je pozabil popolnoma. Ničesar jima ni dal; sedela sta tamkaj na klopi in samo gledala, kako drugi jedo in pijo. Ko se je obed končal, so vstali gospodje, se zahvalili gostitelju in njegovi ženi ter odhajali. Tudi revež je vstal, se globoko priklonil bratu in odšel z ženo. Gostje so se veselili, siti peljali domov, peli so in kričali. Revež pa je šel po cesti s praznim želodcem.

“Veš kaj, žena, zapojva še midva!” je rekel revež.

“Tepec ti! Ljudje pojo, ker so dobro jedli in mnogo pili. Le kako si ti prišel na misel, da bi prepeval.”

“No, lej jo, saj sem bil vendar na godovanju svojega brata. Sram bi me bilo, če ne bi prepeval. Če bom pel, bodo vsi mislili, da je brat tudi mene pogostil.”

“No, pa zapoj!”

Kmet je zapel, pel je sam, a slišal je dva glasova. Umolknil je in vprašal: “Žena, si ti pela zdajle z menoj?”

“Kaj se ti blede, kako bi neki jaz pela?”

“Kdo pa je potem bil?”

“Kaj vem jaz?”

In kmet je zapel še enkrat, pa je spet slišal dva glasova, čeprav je pel sam.

Pa se je kmet domislil:

“Kaj si ti, Beda, pela z menoj?”

In oglasila se je Beda:

“Da, jaz sem pela, jaz sem tvoja pomočnica.”

“Dobro, Beda, pa hodi z menoj.”

“Bom. Nikamor se ne ganem več od tebe.”

Kmet je prišel domov, pa ga je Beda klicala v gostilno.

“Denarja nimam!”

“Ah, kmet kmetavzarski! Kaj bi z denarjem? Kožuh imaš, kmalu bo to-

plo, čemu ti bo potem kožuh? Pojdiva v gostilno in zapijva kožuh."

In sta šla v gostilno. In sta zapila kožuh. Naslednjega dne pa je Beda stokala, češ, da jo boli glava in da morata iti žganje pit.

"Denarja ni," je dejal kmet.

"Kaj bi z denarjem? Vzemi sani in voz—za naju je dovolj."

Kmet si ni mogel pomagati, ni se mogel znebiti Bede. Tiščala se ga je kot klop. Vzel je sani in voz, šla sta v gostilno in zapila oboje. Pa je naslednjega dne Beda spet stokala, spet sta morala v gostilno. Kmet je zapil brano in plug.

V enem mesecu je zapravil vse. Celo hišo je zastavil sosedu in zabil denar v gostilni. Beda pa je še vedno priganjala v gostilno.

"Ne, Beda, ti lahko storiš, kar hočeš, a nobene stvari nimava več vzeti."

"Kako da ne? Tvoja žena ima dve obleki, eno lahko zapijeva."

Kmet je vzel ženino obleko in jo zapil in mislil pri sebi: "Zdaj sem ob vse. Nimam ne hiše ne dvorišča, jaz sem ob vse in žena je ob vse."

Zjutraj se je prebudila Beda in rekla kmetu: "Stopi k sosedu po par volov in voz." Kmet je šel k sosedu in ga poprosil za voz in dva vola, češ, da pojde po drva v gozd. Sosed je dal, kmet je sedel z Bedo na voz in odpeljala sta se na plano med njive. Beda je vprašala: "Poznaš tu na polju oni veliki kamen?"

"Poznam."

"Dobro, tja zapelji!"

Pripeljala sta se do velike skale sredi polja. Dvignila sta skalo, kakor je rekla Beda, in glej!—pod skalo je bila jama, in vsa jama je bila polna zlata, samih cekinov. Beda je pozvala kmeta, naj naloži zlato na voz. Kmet je metal zlato iz jame na voz in ga zmetal do zadnjega cekina. Potem je rekel Bedi:

"Glej, tam-le je še nekaj cekinov ostalo. Daj, splezaj v jamo in dvigni cekine."

Beda je splezala v jamo, kmet pa je naglo naložil kamenja nanjo in jo zakopal.

"Vidiš, tako bo bolje. Če bi te s sabo vzel, bi zapila še to zlato. Tako pa sem se te rešil, Beda zanikrna!"

Kmet je peljal zlato domov, ga zvrnil v klep in vrnil voz z voli sosedu, potem pa je začel preudarjati, kako bi zdaj začel živeti. Pa je sklenil, zgradil veliko leseno hišo in živel dvakrat bolj razkošno od bogatega mestnega brata. In kar na lepem se je odpeljal v mesto k bratu in ga povabil na godovanje. Pogostil da ga bo na vso moč.

Brat je zijal in ni vedel, kaj naj to pomeni. Smejal se je:

"Sam nimaš kaj jesti, pa bi me vabil na pojedino! Beži no!"

"No da, nekoč nisem imel grižljaja, zdaj imam vsega dovolj. Pridi in boš videl."

Naslednjega dne je brat prišel in videl, kako veliko hišo ima nekdanji siromašni brat, kako ga obsiplje z vsemi dobrotami, kako ga zalaga s pijačo in jedajo. Pa vpraša brata:

"Povej vendar, kako si prišel do takega bogastva?"

Brat mu je povedal vse: kako je prišla Beda k njemu v hišo, kako mu je zapravila vse do zadnjega in kako mu je potem odkrila zlati zaklad sredi polja pod kamnom. Bogatega brata je zgrabila zavist in sklenil je, da pojde na polje, da osvobodi Bedo, ki naj se znova škobali na hrbet siromašnega brata in mu uniči bogastvo. Zakaj ni mogel gledati brata, kako se ponaša s tako bogatijo.

Šel je na skrivaj na polje, našel kup kamenja, ga odmetal in izpod skal je planila Beda naravnost trgovcu na hrbet.

"Ubili si me hotel, kaj ne, pa ne boš. Zdaj se te primem in te ne izpustim nikoli več."

"Ne jaz, moj brat te je hotel ubiti. Jaz sem te prišel reševat."

"Ne boš me potegnil za nos, enkrat si me in to je dovolj."

Beda se je držala bogatega brata, šla z njim v mesto in mu zapravljala bogastvo. Naj je počel bogati trgovec karkoli, Beda ga je upropaščala vedno bolj. Trgovcu je grozilo, da postane popoln berač.

Pa se je nekega dne poslužil zvijače. Povabil je Bedo, naj se lovita po dvo-rišču. In Beda je radostno pristala. Trgovec se je skrtil, Beda pa ga je našla takoj.

"Zdaj se pojdi ti skrit, Beda, jaz te najdem, pa če se še tako skriješ."

"Ne boš me našel, zakaj jaz se lahko skrijem v vsako razpoko, v vsako lino."
"Ne verjamem!"

Toda Beda je hotela dokazati. Skočila je v razpoko kolesa, trgovec pa je naglo priskočil, zabil v razpoko klin, da Beda ni mogla več ven. Potem je trgovec vzel kolo in ga vrgel v reko, kjer je utonilo.

Tako se je rešil Bede. Poslej je živel tako kakor poprej. Ni pa se nikoli več bahal niti ni storil kaj zlega svojemu bratu!



Anna P. Krašna:

Tinček

ZGODAJ je pokazalo življenje Tinčku svojo grobost in svoje nesolnčne strani. Že ko se je rodil je obdala vso revno okolico dogodka mučna skrb. Oče se je ozrl nanj pol z veseljem, pol z radostjo. Na čelu je bila začrtana nova guba; star je postajal. Ne radi let, radi trdosti življenja je postajal star.

Mati ga je nežno privila k sebi, a v očeh so se blestele solze, na njenem licu je ležala trpkost skrbi . . . deveti, s čim jih bo preživljala, oblačila, obuvala?

Tinček ni mogel pomagati, on ni vedel, da je prinesel novo gubo na očetovo čelo in materi novih skrbi. Bil je slaboten, majčken in neveden in ni vedel, da življenje ni lepo, kjer prinašajo mali bogljenčki bedo, namesto radosti pod nizki krov. Njegov edini uvaževanja vreden predmet je bila hrana; hotel je

živeti, kot vsi malčki in prav s tem hotenjem je povzročal svojim roditeljem skrbi. Tinček je okusil lakoto že v detinski dobi. Njega nega je bila večjidel prepuščena bratcem in sestricam. Mati je bila vprežena v delo skoro noč in dan, likala je in šivala perilo gospodi, da je pomagala odganjati glad od praga.

Da, ta glad! Neprestano je prežal nanje in čakal prilike, da se zmuzne čez prag. Ko je zbolela mati in ni mogla šivati in likati, se je vselil v hišo in jih mučil dolge tedne. Oče je bil brez dela takrat in ni mogel odgnati pošastnega gladu. Tinček je žalostno vokal ob praznih materinih prsih. Ponujali so mu ostanke jedi, ki so jih donašali dobri sosede, toda ni jih hotel užiti, zato so že obupali nad njim in so čakali kdaj ga pobere smrt. Bil je tako shujšan in bo-

lehen, da niti jokati ni mogel. Pa je vseeno živel in čakal da ozdravi mati, kot čaka ugašajoča lučka, da se ji prilije olja.

"Trden je ta otrok," je rekla soseda, ki je prišla obiskat bolno Tinčkovo mater. "Pravijo, da taki otroci radi postanejo svojeglavni in se mnogokrat navzamejo jako čudnih nazorov, ki jim jih ni moč izbiti iz glave. Paziti boš morala nanj, soseda, sicer ti bo delal še velike skrbi."

"Nič ne bo delal skrbi, če ne bo hotel jesti," je rekla mati mirno in se je skušala nasmejati vzlic grenkobi, ki jo je čutila, ko je izrekla te besede. Kaj naj bi jedel sirotek? Prestana jedila, ki bi ga umorila še prej kot njeno bolno mleko, kadar ga more dobiti.

Kljub svoji slabotnosti je Tinček pričakal, da je mati okrevala. Popravil se je in spet ga je mati prepustila ostalim otrokom v varstvo in nego. Rastel je z drugimi vred, delil z njimi revščino in pičlo število veselih dni in dogodkov. Kar nenadno je bil nekega dne že odrasel deček, bled in suh, a bistrega razuma. In radoveden! Vse mogoče stvari je spraševal doma in tudi v šoli. Večkrat so ga kaznovali, ker je kazal radovednost, na način, ki ni bil po volji učiteljem. Hotel je včasih vedeti, zakaj mora na tisoče ljudi umirati na bojiščih —takrat je bila namreč velika vojna in njegovi bratje so bili na bojnem polju. Kdo ima kaj dobrega od tega? Vojaki ne, ker stradajo in trpijo, revni ljudje tudi ne, saj so tako lačni in bedni, niti čevljev nimajo za zimo.

Oče ga je svaril: "Ne smeš, Tinček, zaprli te bodo, če boš tako govoril. Saj vem, da si upravičen, da vprašaš o tem, kar ti je nejasno, toda ne v šoli. Na piko te bodo vzeli in boš dobival slabe rede."

"In četudi, mar ne hodim v šolo zato, da me tam pouče o tem, kar mi je nejasno in bi rad vedel prav natanko zakaj obstoji in koliko dobrega imamo mi revni ljudje od tega? Zakaj me učitelj pretepe, ako ga vprašam kaj bo imel

od vojne moj pohabljeni brat, ki leži zdaj daleč od doma v bolnišnici in ima samo eno nogo, pa je komaj devetnajst let star?"

"Tinček, Tinček, ti mi delaš take skrbi. Saj te bodo vrgli iz šole, pa sva z očetom tako prosila, da so te vzeli. Ne veš, da nobeden nič ne plača zate; iz usmiljenja te uče, ker imaš dober razum in mislijo, da boš kmalu sam zase lahko služil z učenjem drugih."

Vse prošnje niso nič pomagale. Tinček ni mogel brzdati svoje radovednosti, ki ga je zmerom silila, da je zastavljal učiteljem vprašanja, spričo katerih so osupli, a ga potem, ko so spet prišli do sape, ostro kaznovali. Opomnili so tudi starše, naj brzdata mladega predrzneža, ali pa bodo prisiljeni ga odpustiti iz šole, ker je njegovo vedenje kvarno drugim, normalno mislečim dečkom.

Ob koncu drugega leta višje šole so Tinčku res naznanili, da so mu šolska vrata za prihodnje šolsko leto zaprta. Nekoliko je bil poparjen, radi matere, ker je vedel, da bo jokala. Ni se dalo pomagati. Da bi prosil in delal obljube k poboljšanju, to mu ni prijalo; preponosen je bil. Mislil je raje, kaj mu je napraviti sedaj, kako potolažiti materino žalost in očetovo jezo. Določno je sklenil, da bo povedal čisto resnico in takoj, brez odlašanja. Pogumno je stopil k očetu, ko je prišel iz šole: "Oče, izključili so me, prihodnje leto ne smem več v šolo."

(Konec prihodnjič.)





Dragi mladi čitatelji!

Ko boste prejeli to številko v roke, vas bo večina že spet v šoli. Počitnic je konec. Šola je pričela. Doba rajanja in veselja v naravi je minila. Sedaj se pa pridno učite, ubogajte svoje starše in jim pomagajte pri delu po šoli.

Delavske razmere so še vedno slabe in mnogim delavcem se obeta slaba zima. Mnogo družin bo resno prizadetih. Treba bo pomoči — pri naših družtvih.

Tekom poletja ste prav pridno dopisovali, kar je nekaj izrednega v počitniški dobi. To me veseli. Sedaj na jesen in zimo bo pa brez dvoma še več dopisov za "Kotiček" in tudi za "Corner".

Le tako naprej!

—UREDNIK.

ANICA SE JE ZABAVALA

Cenjeni urednik!

Zopet se hočem malo oglasiti v "Našem kotičku." Šolske počitnice tako hitro minevajo. Kakor zglada, še par tednov in se nam bodo zopet odprla šolska vrata.

Res, lepo je v počitnicah. Dela imam doma dovolj. A veste, jaz ljubim delo. Pomagam mami pri gospodinjstvu. Tudi kuhati se že malo učim, ter šivati in zraven tudi učim mojo sestrico kvačkat. In tako čas mineva. Po večerji se pa malo pozabavam z mojimi součenkami.

Berem tudi zelo rada, a najraje pa berem Mladinski list. Koliko lepega najdem notri. Najbolj se mi pa dopadejo pesmi in povesti A. P. Krasne. Kako lepa je pesem "Pogovor" v avgustovi številki ter povest "Junaka!" Mama in ata pravita, da je to resnična povest, katera se je gotovo godila začasa vojne. Moji starši meni in moji sestrici in bratcu mnogo povedo včasih—strašnih reči, ki so se godile začasa svetovne vojne. A zakaj se je vse to zgodilo? Zakaj je ubila vojna toliko očetov in sinov? Zakaj je danes toliko vojnih pohabljencev? To je za nas male velik vprašaj, katerega še ne moremo rešiti.

Nadalje se mi zelo dopade tudi pesem Katke Zupančič, "Komarji in komarji." "Komarjev" je res več vrst. Kapitalisti, kakor pravijo ata in mama, so pa največji komarji, kateri pijejo kri naših očetov.

Nadalje moram tudi sporočiti naslednje: Na 27. julija sem imela v resnici "good time." Tukajšnje mesto Bridgeville priredi vsako leto v Kennywood parku velik piknik. In tako ga je priredilo tudi letos. Tudi jaz sem šla tja z mrs. Cinderelli. Kako je bilo lepo! Vsakovrstne reči sem videla tam. Bila sem namreč tam prvič in se mi je vse tako dopadlo. Šla sem v aeroplan, "thumble bug," "whip," "laugh in the dark," in še v več drugih. V starem kraju vseh teh reči nisem nikdar videla. Poleg tega sem pa tudi varovala malo dete od mrs. Cinderellijeve.

Čas je tako hitro mineval, da smo prišli domov ponoči. Zjutraj sem bila pa trudna. Vsi udi so me boleli, ko sem vstala. Drugi dan je bilo pa vse dobro. Naj bo dovolj za enkrat. Bom pa še drugič kaj napisala.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in uredniku!

Anica Kramžar,
Box 411, Morgan, Pa.



KOBILICE SO VSE UNIČILE

Dragi urednik!

Ko bodo priobčene te vrstice, bo že začetek šole. Počitnice so nam hitro minile.

Bom malo opisala kaj delamo med počitnicami. Vsak dan dvakrat greva s sestro na pašnik po krave. Zjutraj že ob 5. uri. Skoro vsako jutro vidimo srno, včasih staro in mlado. En čas naju gleda, potem pa beži.

Otroci pomagamo mami tudi molsti krave. Včasih tudi kaj na polju. Letos so nam zopet ves pridelek uničile kobilice. To leto so naredile povsod jako dosti škode.

Zdaj hodimo obirat maline. Letos jih ni prav dosti. Vseeno smo jih precej nabrali. Zvečer pa, ob nedeljah, gremo pa v vas eden k drugemu.

Pozdrav vem čitateljem in uredniku!

Mary Knaus,
Box 26, Traunik, Mich.

* *

MNOGO OTROK STRADA

Dragi mi urednik!

Spet sem se namenila, da bom napisala par vrstic v priljubljeni Mladinski list, da bodo priobčene v septemski številki.

V Mladinskem listu je čedalje več zanimivosti, mnogo lepih povesti in pesmi. Povest "Pepček in Tinček" je lepa. Kako sta čakala lačna cele tri ure pred kasarno, da pride kakšen vojak in jima ponudi košček komisa.

Slično se godi mnogim otrokom tudi sedaj, ko so očetje mnogih otrok na stavki. Pa so otroci lačni kruha in stradajo. Čitala sem, kako se premogariji borijo v Penni in W. Va. itd. Vsi jim želimo skorajšnjo zmago.

Delavec se muči in trpi od zore do mraka, pa spet ga čaka drugi dan trpljenje in muka.

Anna Lončar mi je pisala iz Ill., da jim je umrl oče in kako jim je hudo zanj, da ne

more popisati, ker so zgubili ljubega očeta. Izrekam jim globoko sožalje!

Lep pozdrav vsem mladim čitateljem in uredniku. (Se bom še kaj oglasila prihodnjič).

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

* *

HROŠČI IN VOJNA

Cenjeni urednik Mladinskega lista:

Štrajk! Štrajk! Skeb! Skeb!

Pok! Pok! Pok!

Solzavke! (Bombe, ki povzročajo solze.)

Tako se je v teh krajih slišalo prošlega junija, ko so zastavkali okoliški premogariji.

Ko sva z mojo sestro slišale te čudne besede, sva vprašale očeta, naj nas vzame v hosto, kajti tam je prijetno. Tam se sliši različne pesmice, ki jih pojo ptičice in črčki (crickets). Na drevju pa je tudi mnogo hroščev (june bugs). Ti pridejo naokrog vsaka štiri leta, ali pa še poredkeje, vsakih 17 let, kot sem slišala. Kajti zadnjič so bili te vrste hrošči leta 1914, ki so baje "prinesli" svetovno vojno!

No, pa tudi sedaj ljudje mnogo govorijo o vojni. In v resnici se vojna nadaljuje—med delom in kapitalom. Kdaj bo mir?

Pozdrav vsem, ki to čitajo!

Elica Strajnar, Box 88, Piney Fork, O.

Schönlank-Klopčič:

PRVE HLAČICE

LE pogledite majhnega moža, prve hlačice ima.

Daj, da te na mizo posadim, da boš velik kakor jaz, moj sin. In ko solnce te bo opazilo, se bo dvakrat lepše nasmehnilo.





MALO PROSTEGA ČASA

Cenjeni urednik!

Naša šola je končala 12. junija. Jaz bom šla v peti razred v šolo Wm. H. Brett.

Sedaj imam počitnice in imam mnogo prostega časa, da lahko pomagam v kuhinji moji mami. Moja mamica mi dajo malo prostega časa, da bi se zunaj malo poigrala z mojo mačico, ker sve dobri prijateljici.

Tukaj imamo hudo vročino, pa dela se slabo.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L., posebno uredniku!

Frances Čeligoj,

16024 Holmes ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

V PASJIH DNEH

Cenjeni urednik!

Tukaj sem spet z malim prispevkom za Mladinski list in Vas prosim, da ga priobčite.

Morda ste mislili, da zaradi vročine ne bom poslala nič ta mesec. Vročina je res huda letos, mislim, da po vse Ameriki, tako da človek res ne ve, kam bi se djal in povrh mu nagajajo še muhe, ki vztrajno delujejo na to, da se človek preveč ne poleni; ponoči opravljajo isti posel komarji. Tako skrbi "božja previdnost" za udobnost človeka podnevi in ponoči.

Pa kaj se hoče?

Smo pač v dobi pasjih dni. (Pasjih dni tukaj v Clintonu nikoli ne zmanjka, ker se nič ne dela). Nekaj razveseljivega pa imam vendar poročati, namreč to, da je letos v okolici nenavadno veliko malin (blackberries). Z materjo sva napolnile že vse steklenice (jars), lončke itd. za zimo. Pa tudi oče hoče napra-

viti nekaj vina—pardon, grozdnega soka, da bo imel za priboljšek.

Tudi pesmice nisem pozabila, če jo boste hoteli priobčiti. Ime ji je "Zli duhovi." Tukaj je:

Delavec ima nebroj sovražnikov,
ki mu grene vsakdanji kruh.
Med temi so—kot tolpa zlih duhov—
vročina, roj komarjev, muh.

Gladu, boleznim, zime, belih muh,
brezposelnosti se boji.
Če dela ne, denarja ni, manjka kruh,
potem pomanjkanje trpi.

Delavec se bori za ljubi kruh,
je skrbi poln njegov obraz.
Današnji sistem je zares "od muh,"
to veva dobro ti in jaz.

Mnogo pozdravov Vam, cenjeni urednik, in vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista!

Josephine Mestek, 638 N. 9 st., Clinton, Ind.



D. Vargazon:

ŽABJAK

V potoku žabjak zelenjak
prepeva mescu: kvak-kvak-kvak

Iz mlina miška pribeži,
v skrbeh pod vrbo postoji.

“Popil si, žabjak, mi vodo,
nič v mlinu kamni ne pojo!?”

Stric zelenjak se zavalil,
od smeha solza mu spozli.

In voda raste, skrije prod,
razleže kamnov se ropot.

Vesela teče miška v mlin,
poroga mesec se z višin:

“Napekla sladkih bo potic,
na svatbo pojdeš, mišji stric!”

In zelenjak pokima: kvak!
V krohotu počl, pade vznak.

ČUDNA KUPČIJA

Gospod Prebrisanec je šel k zlatarju, da si kupi cigaretnico. Zlatar mu jih je pokazal več in kupcu je bila izbira težka. Dolgo je omahoval med dvema, ena je stala \$50, druga, ki je bila še lepša, pa \$100. Naposled se je odločil za cenejšo, zakaj časi so zdaj slabi in nihče nima veliko denarja.

Ko je prišel gospod Prebrisanec domov, je povedal ženi, kako je kupil cigaretnico in kako težka mu je bila izbira. Žena mu je rekla:

“Cigaretnica je sicer čedna, a jaz bi bila na tvojem mestu rajši vzela ono boljše, zakaj take stvari kupuje človek samo enkrat v življenju.”

Gospod Prebrisanec je bil zadovoljen; hitro je stekel nazaj k zlatarju. Nesel mu je cigaretnico in povedal, da se je odločil za dražjo. Med tem, ko je

zlatar, vesel dobre kupčije, zavijal novo cigaretnico, je položil gospod Prebrisanec svojo prejšnjo cigaretnico predenj in dejal:

“Petdeset dolarjev sem že prej plačal; petdeset dolarjev je ta cigaretnica vredna, ki sem vam jo prinesel, to je skupaj sto dolarjev. Zdaj sva bot!”

“Prav,” je rekel zlatar in gospod Prebrisanec se je poslovil.

Ali je kupčija res v redu?

ŠTEDLJIVI ARABEC

Nekoč je zbolel neki Arabec na obeh očeh. Šel je k zdravniku v sosednjo vas in ga prosil, naj mu pomaga. Zdravnik mu je preiskal oči in dognal, da ima vsako oko drugo bolezen. Zato mu je tudi napisal za vsako oko drugo zdravilo in naročil Arabcu, naj pride čez štirinajst dni spet k njemu.

Po dveh tednih je šel Arabec spet k zdravniku. Ta je takoj opazil, da je Arabec zdravil le eno oko.

Ves presenečen je vprašal Arabca, zakaj se ni držal njegovih navodil in zdravil tudi drugega očesa.

“Hakkim (pomeni po arabsko: modrijan, zdravnik),” je odvrnil zadovoljni Arabec, “eno oko mi popolnoma zadošča!”





JUVENILE



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WIND IN THE CORN

By Grace Imogen Gish

*HAVE you ever heard, while the day was new,
And night's gray shadows were paling to blue,
In the misty, magical, dewy morn,
The wind astir in a field of corn?*

*Then you know how it flutters here and there,
And now, of a sudden, seems everywhere,
And then with low whispering, slips away,
Past morning glories that nod and sway.*

*And you've felt the breath of the meadows sweet,
Where the earth lay soft to your eager feet!
Are there only breezes that flutter here,
Or mischievous fairies a-hovering near?*

*'Tis the sweetest sound in the world, I think—
That swish as the green blades rise and sink
At the touch of the breezes—ah, I know—
They're ghosts of the dreams of long ago.*



THE FIELDS OF EVENING

By Marguerite Wilkinson

ACROSS the fields of evening
 I hear their footsteps coming;
 The many weary million men
 Are coming home to rest.
 The cups and plates are set now,
 And every kettle's humming,
 And every lass waits near the door
 For him she loves the best.

The day of work is over;
 And whiter still and whiter,
 The many million pointed stars
 Push thru the curtained sky;
 And many fires are warm, lads,
 But none are warmer, brighter,
 Than those love builds for homing men
 To spend the evening by.

For every lass is waiting,
 And every kettle's humming,
 And many million women greet
 The lads they love the best:
 Below the far white star-shine
 I hear their footsteps coming;
 Across the evening fields the men
 Are coming home to rest.

FRATERNALISM

IF any little word of mine
 May make a life the brighter,
 If any little song of mine
 May make a heart the lighter,
 Help me speak the little word,
 And take my bit of singing,
 And drop it in some lonely vale
 To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine
 May make a life the sweeter,
 If any little care of mine
 May make a friend's the fleeter,
 If any little lift of mine may ease
 The burden of another,
 Give me love and care and strength
 To help my toiling brother.

To Children of All The Nations

By Zona Gale.

YOU live at a time when the world is waiting.

Once the world was settled in its habit of adjusting social differences by means of physical wounds and bloodshed. Later there were those who talked of removing causes of war. Now we know that causes for social difference may arise in families, in business, in the playground, among nations, and in every form of human relationship. But we know, also, that deliberately to deal out death and disfigurement and physical disability in order to effect a settlement is as absurd for nations as it would be for a school board meeting, or for any board of directors, or on a field day.

Life is not like that!

Life is a process in which reason, good nature and humane practice constitute the basic rule. When we are unreasonable or destructive or cruel, we are not regarding the rule, we are not playing the game. War is not playing the game. In the use of poison gas, of air-bombing, of the blockade, war now uses, means so opposed to rule, so un-sportsmanlike, that no field day, no boxing match, or business could employ their like.

War is deliberate cruelty and destruction and death. War has out-moded itself. It stands outside every decent ruling for human behavior. The world knows this well, and now it is waiting for the next way, the new way. The way which the boys and girls of today shall be bringing to pass tomorrow!

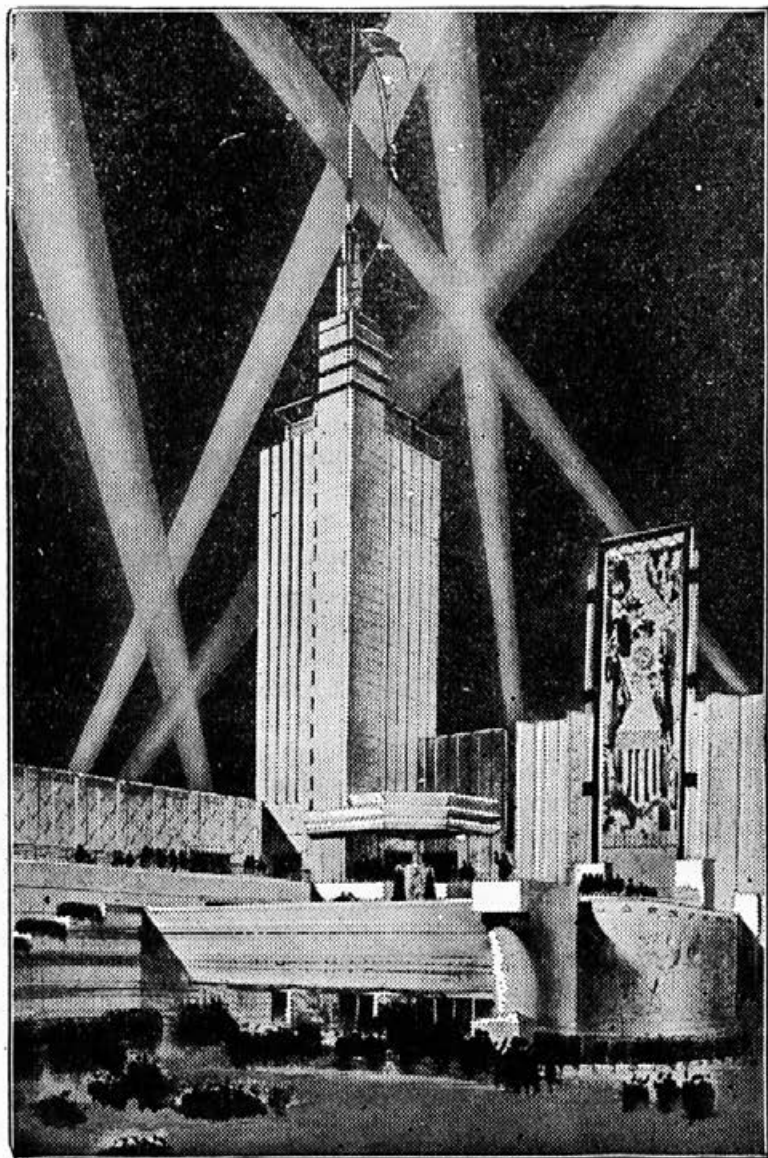
Thirteen years ago the world knew well its lesson. By 13 years from now,

the boys and girls of today will be men and women, putting this lesson in practice. And the lesson is that war is the last refuge of social incompetence and "the sum of all villainies."

For life is not deliberate cruelty, or destruction, or death. Life is something more than that which we believe it to be. Life is an exercise in the improvement of human relationship.

George Washington said: "My first wish is to see the whole world in peace and the inhabitants as one band of brothers, striving who should contribute most to the happiness of mankind."

This should be the first wish of humanity and of common sense alike. Wisdom and reason can ask no more, but they should ask no less. Millions left on battlefields, thousands crippled and broken, towns ruined, homes gone, the depths of suffering endured—is this wisdom or reason? There is no greater conceivable wisdom for nations than the outlawry of war. Without it trade and production and science and civilization may become nothing. Peace is not impossible in your lifetime. Everything is a thought first. Trade was a thought before it was trade. The outlawry of war is a thought yet. The men and women of tomorrow will make that thought their reality. For all human beings are bound together by ties which the nations must cease to break. The people are met together on earth for their world-work, which war must cease to interrupt. The basic business of life is to conserve life and to promote growth. Life is an exercise in the improvement of human relationship.



Entrance to the Palace of Science Which Is Being Constructed for the World's Fair 1933 in Chicago.

Polly's Outing

By Olive Thorne Miller

I

FULL of naughtiness as she was, Polly, the cockatoo, was very dear to the hearts of the family, and, like Mary's lamb, —

Everywhere the mistress went
The bird was sure to go.

So one June she traveled out on Long Island for her summer outing. This was great fun for Madam Polly, for she was out of doors most of the time. It was thought that she could do no harm in the country, but the cockatoo had a keen scent for mischief. She had not been there a day before she showed what she could do in that line.

Her cage was hung against the trunk of a cherry-tree, which was covered thickly with small green balls that the people hoped would become cherries in time; but Polly had other plans, and took it upon herself to attend to those absurd cherries.

The first thing she did when her door was opened was to seize a low-hanging branch and climb into the cherry-tree. Soon she was out of sight among the leaves, and then began a gentle but continuous shower, first of leaves and small twigs, which she bit off and dropped, and then of the cherries — to be.

Commands and scoldings were useless. She was among the top branches and could not be reached, and she picked leaves and fruit till she was tired of the sport; then she turned her attention to the bark, and actually girdled one branch before she was caught at it and forced to come down.

The next day she started for new fields. By way of the cherry-tree ladder she climbed, as Jack did his bean-stalk, to the floor of the piazza, and then ran its whole length, squawking

at every one who passed. Especially did she revile a peddler, never ceasing her squawks as long as he was in sight. Next she mocked the neighbors' children, whose calls she answered, strangely enough, with just as many squawks as there were words in their call.

When she became tired of this amusement she settled down to "business," nibbling off the overhanging edges of the newly painted clapboards and the edges of the slats from the new blinds. It was not until she had defaced the front of the house sadly that she was discovered and brought down.

Down the front yard ran a long, old-fashioned grape arbor with ornamental front, which had at its top a pole, holding up in the air a ball surmounted by an elaborately sawed-out star. Upon this emblem of her country Polly next fixed her wicked eye, and started up. The latticework was an admirable ladder; and stopping only to snip off the tender stems of a few young, growing vines, and half a dozen strings just fastened up to point out to the young moon-flowers the way they should go, she soon reached the pole, climbed it, stood on the ball, and gave her mind to that star.

Before any one noticed her, she had nibbed the edges, bitten off the points, and turned it into a most disreputable affair. When found, she was so pleased with the result of her labor that she scrambled upon the crazy-looking star and squawked at the top of her voice, fluttering her wings and bowing until it seemed that her head must come off.

By this time the family began to think of a bill for damages, and madam was locked up, but it seemed cruel in the country to shut up a bird, and everything she did was so funny that one couldn't long be vexed at her. So the

next morning the door was again opened, and Polly started out on a new track.

This time she mounted to the top of the arbor, and started on a promenade down the sharp edge of the board that formed the ridge. This was a brave feat for the cockatoo, who always liked to keep close to her friends; and she had adventures on the way.

First a bee flew over, very near her head. This frightened her terribly. She lifted her wings, held one over her head to protect it, and crouched to avoid the attack she seemed to expect. Then she turned and twisted, ran a few steps, and at last shrieked loudly for some one to come, not seeing that the bee had gone on about its business and was out of sight.

II.

Polly was afraid of everything. If a fly buzzed past her, she ducked her head as if she had been hit; and when a pair of robins came near, engaged in a dispute about something, she went almost mad with fright. She ran to the pole which held the star, climbed it rapidly with beak and claws, perched on the tip-top, bowed and spread her wings wide, then lifted them above her head like a child. This time she did not squawk, but she was in great terror.

Next day she had the pleasure of scaring a robin. She was on a side-bar of the arbor when one of these birds alighted on the opposite side. In her alarm madam bowed and called out, "Poor Polly!" as if to introduce herself. The robin stared an instant in amazement at this unbirdlike performance, and then flew.

Polly was not unlike some boys. She was a tyrant and a bully with those who feared her, and a dastardly coward with those who did not fear her. The least bird coming into the cherry-tree—a tiny yellow warbler or a minute creeper not so big as her head—startled

her half out of her wits. She would drive the half-grown chickens all round the yard, so long as they ran; but the instant one of the chickens stood and faced her, she turned herself and ran, squawking as if for life.

There was never a droller sight than her running down the length of the ridge board,—which soon came to be her favorite promenade,—holding her wings out and shaking them, and squawking madly, stopping when she came to a bunch of grapes not much bigger than pin-heads to snip it off.

On one side of the arbor roof was the nest of a chipping sparrow. We were interested to see what she would do with it, and ready to interfere if she should go too near.

The chipping sparrow, however, was a wise little mother; she did not need our help. As soon as the cockatoo came near, the small bird appeared before her, fluttering as if afraid, and Polly at once advanced toward her. The question of whether she should drive or be driven was always decided by the actions of her opponent.

So Polly ran, bowing and squawking, with crest up and her war frenzy on, while the cunning sparrow fluttered along, dragging her wings, and keeping well out of the large bird's reach until she had led her far enough. Then she slipped behind some leaves and returned to her nest, leaving Madam Polly staring in blank amazement, plainly wondering where that bird had gone.

The cockatoo had very decided opinions about the family. With the son of the house she was generally at war; she often bit him, and was always ready to show fight. With her mistress she was on her good behavior, for she recognized her as the lawgiver for pets, and the locker-up of cages; she obeyed her more readily than any other person. But her darling was the master, who let her do as she liked, and petted and coddled her always. On his knee she

would sit an hour at a time perfectly quiet, satisfied to be near him. For him she would sing her droll little wheedling song. To his room she would go, when sometimes she got out of her cage in the morning, and tap on the door to be let in. He was always her refuge in terror or distress.

There was nothing Polly disliked so much as to be left alone. If she were locked in her cage, she made the air ring with calls and cries, and if loose, even though reveling in mischief, she flew down and waddled across the grass—though she hated walking on the

ground—to the always open door, and hurried in so as to be near somebody.

One pleasure Polly discovered that was not mischief, and only one; it was swinging. She liked to seize with both feet a long, hanging twig, and, by flapping her wings, keep herself in violent motion. Thus she often swung back and forth for a long time, hanging back down in an attitude that most birds greatly dislike.

Five months of fun Polly had in the country, and then, with the family's return home, her summer outing was over.

Wise Owl Gives Advice

“WHAT do you want to know?” That’s the way a sign reads on a prominent Toytown corner. The inscription hangs over the entrance to an old shoe box, which serves as the business address of a funny old owl who bears the important name of Scowlywowlly Skoo. If you look closely at the name Scowlywowlly you will find two owls there; but Mr. Skoo is not twins, although he really has brains enough for two and a half owls.

Scowlywowlly runs a peculiar business in his shoe box. He gives advice; or to be more exact, we should say he sells it. Any toy may go to him and ask a silly question and get a wise answer for the price of two prune pits.

As you may well expect, most of the owl’s customers are sentimental dollies who want advice on such subjects as how to blush when a bold Teddy Bear kisses them, or which foot to move first when starting to walk, or how to yawn without squeaking, which is hard for a dolly with a badly oiled neck.

There has been only one dissatisfied

customer so far. It was a green monkey with purple eyebrows, named Oshkosh, who had a very deep question for the owl to answer. Oshkosh rushed madly into the shoe box, grabbed Scowlywowlly by the wishbone, and demanded, “How far is up?”

“From here to there,” promptly howled the scowly owl.

“That doesn’t make me any wiser!” mumbled the monk.

“Maybe not, but it makes you less wealthy. You owe me two pits!” bantered the crafty owl.

“Not much!” growled Oshkosh.

“Pay me my prune pits, or I’ll peck your purple eyebrows off!” screamed Scowlywowlly, and as Oshkosh made a sudden dash for the door, the owl jumped on his head and gave him several mean raps with his sharp little beak. The monkey ran so fast, however, that Scowlywowlly fell off with a bang, and Oshkosh hastily climbed a telegraph pole, minus one purple eyebrow, and plus two pits’ worth of respect for a wise old owl.



Unemployed Workers in Big Cities Sleep in Parks and on Monuments



Outdoor Games

Our Gallant Ship

VERY little children enjoy this simple game, which consists of clasping hands and dancing around in a circle, while they repeat the following verse in a ring-song manner:

"Three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she;
Three times round went our gallant ship,
Then she sank to the bottom of the sea."

At the words: "sank to the bottom of the sea," the members of the circle drop hands and collapse in their tracks or go sprawling to the floor. This tumble adds much to the fun of the game.

Three Black Crows

For "Three Black Crows" there must be three balls for each player. They are made of cotton, covered with cloth. A leader is chosen, and the others formed in a circle around him. He says, "Three black crows are in the corn, Peck! Peck Peck!" He touches a child each time he says "Peck," and they step out, and about four feet away from the circle.

These "crows" face to the right (or left), ready to run. The leader then

says, "The farmer shoots them every one, Crack! Crack! Crack!" At the last "crack" the crows run around the circle and back to their places, keeping the same distance apart, and the children in the circle, who are the "farmers" and are armed with three balls apiece, throw the balls at the crows as they pass, trying to hit them. The first one hit is the next leader.

Cuckoo

This is a game of "hide and seek" adopted to the house. All players but the one who hides, turn their faces to the wall and shut their eyes. The one who is "It" then hides as quietly as he can and calls "Cuckoo!" At this all scatter to find the hidden one. If they are wide of the mark "It" calls softly "Cuckoo," but otherwise is still. The first one to discover "It" must give no notice, but quietly sit down and wait. When the third hunter finds the hidden cuckoo, the first hunter, who has been watching calls loudly, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" and the players must run to base. The last one in must be the next cuckoo.



M. Munkacsy: THE CHALLENGE

By The Roadside

By Helen von Kolnitz Hyer

SEVENTEEN dogs lived in an old packing box behind a factory on the edge of a great city. It was a very poor neighborhood. Nobody who lived in the narrow streets where the dogs roamed had much to eat, and the dogs had least of all. But just the same they were a very happy, friendly crowd of dogs and their leader, old Togo, was so wise that they always obeyed his orders without dispute.

Togo was a huge, shaggy dog. No one knew where he had come from or how he had received his name or what kind of a dog he was; but in spite of his rough coat and his ugly, scarred head, Togo was a gentleman at heart—and when one is a gentleman at heart one cannot go very far wrong. So the young dogs who came to live in the old packing box were very fond of him and brought him bits of meat and bones which they found by the butcher's shop or dragged out of the trash cans which they overturned so cleverly in the narrow, dark alleys behind the tenements.

One evening Togo lay peacefully in front of his packing box and watched several of the younger dogs frisking about. He was very glad that summer had come, for it had been a hard winter with few bones, and those all stripped of meat. But now—Togo stretched and yawned lazily—he loved summer.

Suddenly, "Clang! Clang!"—a loud bell sounded a couple of blocks away, there was a shrill yelping, followed by the sound of banging doors and a wire-screened truck dashed past the factory gate.

"Bow-wow-wow!" A black and white streak shot through the factory yard, tumbled head over heels in a puddle of water and sprawled on the ground in front of Togo. It was Flipsy, the

youngest dog, and he was frightened until his eyes seemed all white.

"The Dog-catcher!" he cried. "He caught the yellow dog next door and he nearly caught me. I heard him say, 'To-morrow I'm going to clean up that pigpen behind the factory.' I don't see why he said it—we aren't pigs."

"Sometimes you act like one," growled a dog whom he had splashed when he rolled in the puddle.

"Hush, my puplets. No quarreling," barked Togo. "This is very bad news indeed. Let me think."

So Togo lay with his head on his paw and thought, while the rest of the dogs stood still and waited.

Finally Togo spoke. "To-morrow," he said, "we move to the country. Pack up all your belongings, make yourselves neat and clean, and we shall start at sunrise. For if the Dog-catcher found us here—" He stopped. There was no need for him to finish.

Early next morning the seventeen dogs set out for the country. They had licked their own and one another's coats until they were shining and spotless.

"Who knows," they said, "what we shall find by the roadside!"

They were very happy as they frolicked along, sometimes trotting soldier-fashion behind their leader Togo, sometimes running ahead, but mostly they were just a mob—a jolly, friendly mob of black and white and brown and yellow and reddish dogs. Every color that ever had been seen on any dog anywhere could be found somewhere on the seventeen. And they all went on and on, barking, "Who knows what we shall find by the roadside!"

The day grew warmer and warmer; but they didn't find anything by the roadside except a brook. They all had

a drink of water which made them feel much better and they went on and on, barking, "Who knows what we shall find by the roadside!"

Lunch time came, but there wasn't a thing to eat and the road was growing rough. The sharp stones cut their tender feet which were used to the smooth city streets. They had stopped barking. They began to grow hungry and tired. Still they went on and on, but they didn't find anything by the roadside.

Now all the time while they were going on and on, it happened that in a neighboring village there were seventeen cats who had decided to go to the city to seek their fortune. They too had started early in the morning. They too had walked on and on. They were walking toward the seventeen dogs, but they didn't know it. And they hadn't found anything by the roadside.

Of course, you all know that every cat walks by himself. So they went along all together—seventeen cats, each one proudly walking by himself. Seventeen cats, each one a whole self behind the other. Seventeen cats, walking by themselves in a long line.

And they too went on and on, and grew warmer and warmer, and hungrier and hungrier, and crosser and crosser—each one too proud to say so. But still they didn't find anything by the roadside.

It was late afternoon. The jolly mob of dogs was not jolly now. They were hungry and tired and cross, and they hadn't found anything by the roadside except a circus tent with a band playing inside, and crowds of people eating and eating pop corn and peanuts and throwing the shells at the dogs. But the dogs didn't like peanuts.

The circus stood in a field on the corner of two crossroads. So many horses and autos and trucks had driven over to see it that the road was cut into heavy, lumpy ruts. Bump—bump—went the cars bouncing over the ruts.

The dogs were very hungry and their feet hurt.

Togo stopped at the crossroads, threw back his head and sniffed. The other dogs stopped, threw back their heads—and sniffed.

"Bumpety—bump—bump!" A truck, heavily loaded with barrels, was driving out of the circus lot toward the crossroads. And around it, sweeter than any perfume to the starving dogs, hung the delicious odor of several day-before-yesterday's dinners and, marvel of marvels, scorched mutton stew!

"Bumpety — b u m p — bump!" The truck jolted over the ruts and set the barrels to dancing.

"Bumpety—bump—squish!" The end barrel tilted and poured a heap of odds and ends of old meals right onto the center of the crossroads.

Togo licked his lips.

"Bow-wow-wow! Dinner! Charge!" he called. And the seventeen hungry dogs charged full speed into the fallen food.

B U T —

Just at that moment from the other side of the crossroads dashed a long line of seventeen hungry cats.

"Meow! Meow! Meow!"

"Bow! Wow! Wow!"

They met. And without even stopping to look at each other, they fought!

Such a battle! It couldn't last long because they were all so tired and hungry before it started. My, how the fur flew! Ears were nipped, and tails bitten, and faces scratched! It was a terrible fight! They were nearly evenly matched!

(To be continued.)





Dear Readers:—

When this number will be in your hands the majority of you young readers will be back in school. Vacations are over. Schools reopened. Outdoor life and merrymaking came to an end. And now you should study hard, mind your teachers and parents and always cooperate with them.

Working conditions are still poor and many workers and their families will have a hard time to make ends meet during the coming winter. Relief work will have to be extended everywhere.

Your contribs during the summer months were numerous and interesting. I was very much pleased with them. But in fall and winter there will no doubt be many more little letters for both the "Corner" and "Kotiček." Write yours today!

—THE EDITOR.

THE MEANING OF EDUCATION

Dear Editor and Readers:—

By the time this letter will be published in the M. L. school will have begun. To some it means furthering their education and to others—I leave it to you. I sincerely approve of the former.

I recall the words of a well known professor of the University of Laramie, Wyoming, at the graduation exercises in Diamondville. He said: "Education is preparation for complete living." I shall always bear that in mind along with another of his sayings. The words may not be exact, but I quote it here as I shall remember it. "We have reached the foothills; the mountains are in sight." The meaning will perhaps be rather vague to the younger readers of the M. L. at the present, but later on they will realize the truth.

Although it has been one year since I have become an adult member of the SNPJ I should like to continue writing to this magazine for which I cannot offer enough praise.

For about two weeks the heat here was indeed scorching. In fact, I should say it was so hot that the river has now become dry. Just recently it has been raining and the evenings are nice and cool.

I wish everyone has had a nice vacation and is prepared to take up his or her studies.

Olga Groznik,
Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

* *

FROM GOLDEN CALIFORNIA

Dear Editor:—

This is the first time I write to the M. L. But I have been reading it for a long time. I like it very much. I am nine years old and I am in the 4A. Here in Los Angeles it is very hot this year. We are close to the Pacific ocean. We go to the beach many times. We have lots of fun there. I wish some member would write to me.

Elsie Jerina,
947 So. Dacotah St., Los Angeles, Calif.

PERSONAL DESCRIPTION

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter I have written. I enjoy reading the M. L. I am about 4 ft. 2 inches tall with brown hair which is "kinda" curly. I have grayish blue eyes and a medium complexion. I love to read stories. I'm sure that lots of other children do too. We all belong to the Slovene Lodge No. 402 SNPJ. I would like to hear from other boys and girls.

Amy M. Lukman, Florence, Colo.

* *

OUR PICNICS AND VISITORS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

In the August issue of the M. L. there was a mistake in my letter. Instead of having Herminie Keystonians, there was Herminie Clairtonians.

On July 26 the Torch of Liberty Lodge members went to Ambridge to the Reveliers' picnic. The Reveliers played mushball with the Veronians, Excelsiors and Musketeers. The Reveliers had races and dancing too. The Reveliers all wore black ribbons in memory of the late Joseph Rosenberger, the Revelier. Anthony Grandovic, Pres. of Reveliers, came to our car to greet us as soon as we entered the park. I think that was very nice of him.

On Aug. 2 some of the Torch of Liberty members went to Library to attend the J. Z. Jrs. picnic and dance, while others went to Yukon to attend Silver Star's picnic. The J. Z. Jrs. played mushball with the Musketeers. In the afternoon they had a "treasure hunt." They gave very comical prizes to persons finding the numbers. In the latter part of the afternoon we had the pleasure of meeting Andrew A. Grum, contributor to the Prosveta and an active member of the SNPJ. He is Sec'y. of the Young Americans. He sure has a pleasing personality. When we went home we stopped at Yukon to see how the Silver Stars were getting along. The Silver Stars had a nice crowd too.

Andrew Grum came over for the week-end. On Sunday he went to the meeting of Torch of Liberty. After the meeting the Torch of Liberty members and Andrew Grum went to Johnstown to the Flood City and Triglav affair. In the afternoon the lodges had their picnic and in the evening the dance. The Flood City members are very active. I think their dance was a success. I had a nice time at all the affairs I attended.

On September 12 the Torch of Liberty Lodge will have its first ball. I am a proud member of Torch of Liberty Lodge.

Best regards to all. Mary E. Fradel,
Latrobe, Pa.

"WE HAD A BIG PICNIC"

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of Lodge No. 481, SNPJ, and our lodge had a big picnic in the woods. We had everything there and we were all very happy. Prizes were given away also. This picnic was held on July 26. I wish they would have more picnics like that.

Best regards to all. Jennie M. Jerman,
304 Baldwin ave., Niles, Ohio.

* *

"A GHOST STORY"

Dear Editor:—

I have written once before to the M. L. and so I am not new to your readers. I am sending a ghost story I have read somewhere and I hope it will be published. The story is entitled "Ghost Story."

Amy Mivshek,
Waukegan, Ill.

(Editor's Note:—I am sorry that I cannot publish this story. Since we do not believe in ghosts, it, of course, would not be right to release it to our readers. Such stories are impossible and never happen. When people die, they never return, except in some people's imagination. That's why we cannot give space to stories of that type. But we hope, Amy, that you will favor us with some more letters, and perhaps with a story, which we will publish, if it will be fit to publish. We hope to get more of your letters.)

* *

CONGRATULATES OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Dear Editor:—

You'll surely remember me as one of the members of SNPJ. I have been a member of this Society over a year and a half. I congratulate all the members who take some spare time to contribute to our Mladinski List. I have never written before, but I shall from now on write, so that we may have our small but interesting magazine larger.

My spare minutes are mostly spent in reading. I have not seen very many letters from this part where I live. So I thought if I would write it may show that our small town has not forgotten our SNPJ. I hope I see this letter in print. I suppose it is now time for me to sign-off, so that there will be enough space for the other young contributors.

A proud member, Marie Zolin,
236 So. 1st st., Raton, New Mex.

* *

BRIEF NEWS

Dear Editor:—

I wish some of the members of the SNPJ would write to me. I lost Frank Matinjak's address, and I wish he would write to me again.

Yours truly,
Ludvick Loushin,
1773 Oakdale ave., San Francisco, Cal.

VOICING THE SAME THOUGHT

Dear Editor:—

I have written to the M. L. two or three times before. I surely couldn't do without this little magazine. I voice the same thought as the other members do and that is "I wish the M. L. would come every day."

I hope my friends see this so they'll know that I have moved. I moved from Des Moines. There are no Slovene Lodges here so we send the dues to Lodge 605 in Des Moines. Fort Dodge is a much smaller city than Des Moines.

School here begins September 1, which isn't so far from now. I'll be in 11 B and will attend Fort Dodge High.

Work is scarce here. I guess it is everywhere, too. There are no coal mines here, but there are gypsum mines.

I am working on the Slovene language. I understand it and also talk it, but am stumped when it comes to writing it. So I am working on that and hope to master it soon. Am also trying to learn the Italian language—but that will come later on.

Well, I'll close with hopes that some of the members will write to me. **Elsie Kotar,**
1239 1/2 So. 22nd St., Fort Dodge, Iowa.

* *

A LETTER FROM MORLEY, COLO.

Dear Editor:—

I was sure glad to see my name in the M. L. I hope my letter would be in the September issue. I hope there will be good story in the M. L.

I think my aunt is coming from old country, and she will tell me how it is there. I will sure be glad to see her and her children.

I hope some of the boys and girls would write to me.

Julia Slovec,
Box 63, Morley, Colo.

* *

"44 CLUB"

Dear Editor:—

On the night of July 23, Thursday, it rained for about ten minutes; maybe it will rain all night. We had a thunder storm. But the farmers sure needed some rain awfully bad for the corn and other crops.

I joined the "44 Club" to learn to sew. We have eight members in the club. The first thing we made is an apron; the others are: cap, holder, hand towel and a gift article.

I will write my Slovene letter before school starts.

Mary Marinac,
Box 37, El Moro, Colo.

* *

"OUT OF WORDS"

Dear Editor:—

I haven't written to the M. L. for a long time. Work over here is awfully scarce.

The weather here is very hot. It rains, usually, but not many times.

I am running out of words.

Best regards to all the members.

Frances Fatur,
2201 Linden ave., Trinidad, Colo.

* *

WANTS M. L. EVERY DAY

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 9 yrs. old and have a sister 5 yrs. old. I am sending snapshots of my sister Pauline Louise and myself. Every one in the family belongs to the SNPJ Lodge No. 481, Niles, Ohio. I thank Evelyn Krasovic for her lovely letter from San Francisco.



Pauline Zupec

I love to read the M. L. I think it is great. I get a lot of enjoyment from it. I love my grandparents from Girard, Ohio. I spend my vacation there every summer. Their name is Jelenc. I have a number of cousins whom I visit there also. They are members of SNPJ of Girard. There are a number of Slovenes in Girard and they have a nice Slovene Dom.

Work is very slack in Niles. Niles is noted for McKinley Memorial, a library and birth place of McKinley. I would like to see the day when M. L. would come every day.



Rosemary Zupec,
521 Scott ave., Niles, Ohio.

OLGA LIKES HER TEACHER

Dear Editor:—

I am 9 years of age and I passed to the 4B. I go to Nottingham school, and my teacher's name is Mrs. Black; I like to be in her class room.

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List, and I love to read this magazine, but we do not get it, the people upstairs get the M. L.

Olga Cicigoi, 1241 E. 172 st., Cleveland, O.

* * *
"THE NEXT DOOR PEOPLE"

Dear Editor:—

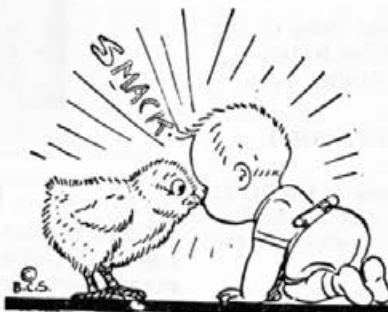
I am glad that my snapshot was in the M. L. The "next door people" were also glad to see my snapshot. I am teaching Olga Cicigoi to write a letter to the M. L. Olga and I always play together and we have lots of fun. Every Monday and Wednesday we go to Memorial playground. I am sewing a duck, and Olga's sewing a pot holder.

Audrey Maslo, 1241 E. 172 st., Cleveland, O.

FIVE MISTAKES OF LIFE

1. The delusion that individual advancement is made by crushing others.
2. The tendency to worry about things that cannot be changed.
3. Insisting that a thing is impossible because we ourselves cannot accomplish it.
4. Attempting to compel other persons to believe and live as we do.
5. Neglect in developing and refining the mind by not acquiring the habit of reading fine literature.

What grows smaller when you add to it and larger when you add nothing?
—A hole in your stocking.



Food Fools Dumb Bears

THERE they sat—five white Teddy Bears with wondering eyes, looking with much astonishment at a giant green pickle-shaped thing that was as big as a house and a half. Four of them sat like statues, with their paws on their noses, while the fifth one walked 'round and 'round the great green thing, with eleven wrinkles in his puzzled brow. Suddenly his face brightened, and seven of the wrinkles disappeared.

"I know what it is!" he exclaimed, slapping himself on the back with his patent leather back-slapper. "It's an airship. It's going up!"

"It's going up!" echoed the others.

"When?" asked one Teddy.

"How?" demanded another.

"Why?" queried the third.

"Where?" asked the fourth.

"That's no airship, you dumb dodos, you!" came a strange voice from the rear. The five startled bears whirled around to behold a wooden dog on wheels, who seemed to be a very wise woofwoof. "Didn't you fellows ever see a watermelon before?"

"It's going up!" chorused the bears.

"You're wrong; it's going down!" laughed the wooden dog. "It's going down as soon as somebody who knows what's good to eat finds it. Airship, my eye! Woofy-woofy-haw-haw!" And the greatly amused wooden dog sped away to tell anybody he might find about the stupidity of bears who don't know their melons!